



## Dear Reader



👁 207 ✓ 23 ★ 24

### Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Dear Reader,

This journal is all I have now, so I guess I should use it, write? (Ha, Puns)

Anyway, I'm alone now. Just me and my poor journal that has to suffer with me.

Oh, and my pen. (I mean what else would I use to write?)

Gotta go now, they're comin.

ttyl

~ Survivor X signin-

### Chapter 2 by Aaron Hartmann



Dear Survivor X,

I found your journal.

~ Survivor R signin-

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by Brock Thompson

Login

or

Create new account



Wow, did you guys both get cut off by the zombies when you were signing off? That's funny!

~Survivor G signin~

#### Chapter 4 by Andrew Hartmann



Dear all survivors

Since it seems that this journal is stumbled across a lot, I suppose that others will read this journal after me. I'm just writing this to tell anybody that reads this that me and my group are held up in a nearby prison. I stumbled upon this journal while I was out on a run with my friend Daryl. Well, if you read this and you come to the prison, we have plenty of stuff and thangs for you to do.

~Officer Friendly signing off

#### Chapter 5 by PigletPinkPancake



Dear Reader,

I found this journal in the back of the quarantine.

Ever since the outbreak happened I never thought that there were others out there.

Find me.

I need help.

~Survivor V signin~

#### Chapter 6 by PigletPinkPancake



Dear Reader,

I found this and realized that there were others around me. I just had to look a little harder.

We plan to raid the government's See more of Story Wars [call home.](#)

They have caused too much

Login

or

Create new account

~Survivor W signin~

**Chapter 7 by Onyx**

Dear Reader,

I intend to head to the government capitol like the last entry recommended, I need to tell them about this new info.

They've mutated. They're getting faster, and stronger and hungrier too. I'm afraid for my life. You should be too.

I have to go tell them, don't forget to beware.

~Survivor Z signin-

**Chapter 8 by Skipper Jo**

Dear Reader,

I am the last person alive. I can't really explain how I know this to be true except that it's a gut feeling. All the human-life scanners I've come across all read negative and zombies have been dropping like flies because they've run out of food to feed off of--that is, they've run out of humans to feed off of.

I've wandered across the United States for several months now, surviving on the rations of dead men and women, and fending myself from the zombies with old guns and axes I find, but sometimes I wonder if it's all worth it now.

Almost a year ago, the remaining survivors banded together in an attempt to overthrow the government for failing them, but it was all just a way to find someone to blame and make them pay the consequences. The government really wasn't at fault. It was us. We waited until it was too late to care, too late to make a difference, and by the time we realized the degree of how bad it all got, we were consumed by it and destroyed.

After finding this journal, I have to admit that I wasn't even going to write in it. After all, who's going to be there to read it once I'm dead? I had to write in it. Some intelligent person, who may find it. Or maybe another intelligent life form. Either way, I have to document this. It's the last shred of humanity left.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Now I'm not here to tell the story of the human race because to be honest, I can't really sum that up. Human's have created civilizations, cured diseases, and started hapless wars against one another. It's all so crazy. I can also neither say that humans were a peaceful or overly ambitious, misunderstood species. We simply lived and then died.

But if there's one thing I can tell, it's what I've been through. And I've been through a lot. I had a pretty happy childhood with two loving parents up until the outbreak began when I was twelve. At first, we thought nothing of it and dismissed it as another hoax--that is until my little brother caught it on a camping trip to Yosemite. When he came back, his skin was covered in red blemishes and a white glaze began to coat his irises. We took him to the hospital and sure enough, one week later he turned into a zombie. He was shot and taken by the government for research purposes, and that was the last I ever saw of him. People slowly began to either catch it or be attacked in the months to come, and slowly the world began to cripple.

Searches for a 'cure' began the central focus of many nations and special quarantines were made for the separation of the infected and the clean. But in the end, it all failed. And we all died. People called it the Apocalypse, Doomsday, Judgement Day, but really it was nothing but human error.

I still find time to go on long walks, but now it's with a shotgun slung over my shoulder and granola bars stashed in my belt. And now that the world has been ravished, I really have all the free time in the world. There's no work, no curfew, and no boundaries. It's total freedom. Total happiness. Only, there's no one to share it with. Just me, myself, and I.

I don't know how much longer I'll last or if I'll get cut off while I'm signing off like so many of the previous people who've written in this have, but I'm sure as hell not going to let myself collapse under my own grief. This is the only life I'll live, and if I have to live it alone, so be it. Tomorrow, I plan to head to the Grand Canyon and do some scenic hikes. It'll take me a couple of weeks to make the whole trip, but at this point, time is irrelevant. After that, I plan to go up through Canada and visit Alaska because I've never seen a live moose before and I want to see one

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

everything for granted and dismissed cliché ideas like this. But it really is true. Life is beautiful. Life is amazing.

I'm running out of ink in this pen now and I don't think I'm going to go expend the effort to go find another one. So this is it. I'll be on my way to a new place tomorrow and this journal will be here, resting as human kind's last gift to the world.

And I guess since these last words will be the last words ever written, these are humanity's last words, too. What an honor it is to choose them.

This is Survivor J. signing off. Goodbye.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)[Rooms](#)[Feedback](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)